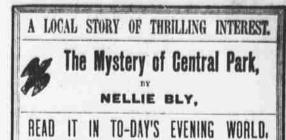
FREE DOCTORS' FUND

THE EVENING WORLD.







BILL NYE IN A PARIS MUSEE.

HE NARROWLY ESCAPES BEING LOCKED UP AS A NEW FREAK,

ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Great Artificial Highway

Through the Dry Desert.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1889.

WILKIE COLLINS'S CREATEST ROMANCE,

PRICE ONE CENT.

BEGIN IT NEXT SUNDAY.

NELLIE BLY AT JOHNSTOWN

The Story of How She Distributed \$10,000 to the Stricken

TO SAVE ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME.

Patriotic Efforts by the Women of Tennessee to Rescue the "Old Hermitage,"

Sheriff Norris, of Mississippi, Cannot Catch Kilrain's Second.

Gov. Lowry's Officer Charged with the Blackest Ingratitude.

Donovan's Version of the Lost Fight and of Mitchell's Treachery.

It does not now appear as though success would crown the efforts of Detective Norris. the Mississippi officer who desires to escort Charley Mitchell and Mike Donovan back to Mississippi to answer a charge of "taking part in a prize-fight." Mr. Norris, though assisted by a "fiy" man from Police Headquarters, Detective Sergt. Lanthier, has as yet been unable to locate the gentlemen

An EVENING WORLD reporter, however, found Mike Donovan and informed him of the detective's purpose. Mike has no desire to again expose himself to Mississippi malaris, and it is doubtful if Mr. Norris succeeds in obtaining an interview with him. Donovan declared to the reporter that Nor-

ris was on here " for a stake. "You remember," said Mike, "he got on our train in Mississippi. He protested that he meant us no harm, but the boys were suspicious of him. Just before we reached the State line this old codger jumped up. and quick as lightning pulled the bell rope.

"Just as quickly did a dozen of the bova pull their guns and surround him. I jumped

pull their guns and surround him. I jumped up, and getting between him and the boys, said: 'Hold on, boys, don'thit the old man.' They stopped, and he began to make apologies, Why, in another minute they would have banged bis brains out.

'The train didn't stop, because the engineer had been instructed to stop for nothing. Why, do you know who that old rascal is? He's an ex-convict. He did a year for swindling people in Ohio on some haby-farming business he was into. I can prove this.

'But never mind that. Let me give you my opinion of Mitchell. He's a two-faced loafer and a well-educated English rowdy. He is as treacherous as a snake, and I'd just

He is as treacherous as a snake, and I'd just as soon tell him so to his face. His conduct has been very suspicious all the way through, and I shouldn't wonder if he made a barrel of money on Kilrain's defeat, too.

"The Sullivan party didn't want to fight.

Charley Johnston walked into our quarters just before the fight and said that the Sheriff was there and that they would all get ar-rested. Said he: John will go into the ring and make a speech and pacify the crowd.'
No you don't,' said I. 'If you folks go

No you don't, 'said I. 'If you folks go into the ring so do we.'

"We went to the ring soon after. Then came the question of referee. After considerable talk, and several propositions had been made and rejected, Johnston's ultimatum was given: 'It'll be Fitzpatrick or no fight.'

Then Mitchell put in his oar and agreed "Then Mitchell put in his oar and agreed to Fitzpatrick. That settled it.
"The fighting part you know about, but let me tell you something about the foul Sullivan committed. It was the most deliberate foul I ever saw in a ring. Sullivan, after knocking Kilrain down, deliberately jumped into the air and came down with terrible for e on Jake's face and neck. It was enough to kill any ordinary man. Then, as he crawled

to kill any ordinary man. Then, as he crawled off of him, he let his feet drag across Kil-ran's face. Of course, I immediately claimed a foul, and Mitchell backed me up rather face he stable. The referee said he didn't see the foul.

continued Donovan, "and when I turned around Mitchell had Kilrain up to the

scratch.
'Don't fight any more. Jake,' I said. "Yes I will," he replied, doggedly, and on he fought. He is the gamest man I ever

saw in a prize ring. "Was he sick? Yes, he was. Had I known "Was he sick? Yes, he was. Had I known it before the fight he would never have entered the ring. He never stripped in the presence of his friends. He always kept some part of his clothing on. I give you my word of honor that I never knew he was sick.

In the round before the last Sullivan cornered him and gave him an awful blow in the short ribs. I know it hurt Kilrain. I had been begging Mitchell to give up the

liad been begging Mitchell to give up the fight for some time, but he insisted on the boor fellow going on. So I sent him up to the scratch again. He was very weak and I knew that if Sullivan fell on him he would probably kill him. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I determined that this round should be the last longer, so I determined that this round should be the last.

"Try for the point of his jaw, Jake,' I

should be the last.

Try for the point of his jaw, Jake, I said, and make a last effort.

He did, and missed and fell. Then Mitchell ran to Sullivan's corner and asked.

How much will you give if we quit?

"I said to the referse, 'We draw our man.' I vanted him to declare the fight for Sullivan and save us the disgrace of having to throw up the sponge. He wouldn't, and I thew up the sponge. He wouldn't, and I thew up the sponge.

"You're a bloody fine mau,' said Mitchell, 'I'd a got a thousand for Jake only for you.'

- with you and your money,' I

said. 'Pm trying to spare the man to his wife and family.' Then Mitchell ran away. 'We got Kilrain to the train then, and thence to New Orleans. We took him to the

Jake.'

''Oh, he's ail right, 'he replied.

''You don't even know where he is.' I retorted. 'Didn't you know that man's condition before he entered the fight? He wasn't as good as when he fought Jem Smith.

'Oh, it was only one of his off days,' replied Mitchell, coidly.

'When I went back the next morning I found that Mitchell had been there and taken Kilrain off. He had told him that there was a requisition out for him and so scared him into going.

THE MASHER HELD

Mrs. Freedley's Persecutor in Jefferson

A very bandsome, stylishly gressed young Market Police Court this morning and entered a complaint against a well-built, lightcomplexioned, good-looking man who occupied one of the rear seats in the court-room with a couple of friends.

Arthur Hartford, president of a steel rail manufacturing company, the whereabouts of which, however, could not be ascertained. Miss Freedley complained that Mr. Hartford

had stopped her on the street several times and persisted in speaking to her. According to her story she first saw him on Fourteenth street about a week ago. He steeped up and, with a winning smiling, said:

"Beg pardon; but haven't I met you hefore."

walk don. Monday evening, after procuring her mail from the St. James Hotel, she walked up Broadway. In front of the Coleman House she again met Hartford. He spoke to

shoulder.

terrible cross-examination. She suswered every question without the least hesitancy, and convinced everyone that she was tening

Then the lawyer burst into a tirade against Mrs. Freedley, claiming that she had per-jured herself and that this arrest was made

was not learned that Mr. Parker was her husband, but she probably prefers nessociety to that of Mr. Freedley. Further than that there was nothing learned.

thence to New Orleans. We took him to the coub and as soon as we got there he vomited some green stuff. Mitchell never came near the man again.

The Sunday following I went to buy a souple of hats for Jake and I. I met Mitchell porters.

on the way and said: 'You ought to be with Jake.'

The woman was Mrs. Cora Freed'ey, of

before?"
Mrs. Findley did not notice him, and

away, please.

"I don't care to talk to you," replied

ley, "I am an officer, and if you make trouble I shall be obliged to arrest you." "I don't care a — who you are, and you can't arrest me either," said Hartford, in

a loud voice.

Hanly, seeing there would be trouble, called Policeman Thompson to his a sestance, and together they took Hartford to the Thir-

tieth street police station.

Mrs. Freedley's pretty eyes were filled with tears when she finished her story, and Hartford's lawyer immediately subjected her to a

yer. "He is in Boston."

"He is in Boston,"
"You are sure he is there:"
"He was when I left him six weeks ago."
At this juncture a small, pule-faced woman came upon the stand and testified that she was the fandlady of No. 348 West Thirty-second street. Her name was Mrs. Essinger.
"Do you know this woman?" asked the

Market Police Court.

her again.

She turned on him indignantly: "You have made a mistake. I have never met you anywhere before."

She continued walking up to Thirty-fourth street with the persistent masher close behind. At the corner of Thirty-fourth street he stepped up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

shoulder.

"Now look here," he said. "I want you to go with me and do as I say, for I am a detective and will lock you up if you don't."

"What do you mean? What have I done?"

'It doesn't make any difference. I want you to go with me."
'I won't go. I don't know you. Go

away, please."

"If you don't go with me," he replied, threateningly, "I'll have you railroaded to Blackwell's Island."

She broke away from him, she says, and fled down the avenue, very much frightened. Yesterday she made up her mind that his annoyances must cease. She called on Supt. Murray late in the afternoon, and after she had told her story Detective Serret Hauley.

the masher in disgust.
"But I want you to talk to me," said Han-

the truth.
"Where is your husband?" asked the law-

lawyer, pointing to Mrs. Freedicy.
"Yes, she is Mrs. Farker."
"Do you know oer husband?"
"Yes, he is waiting at my house for her

a Brown Paper Package.

tor, a Fellow-Lodger.

A valuable scrap of paper is on file in the Register's office. Half a sheet of common notepaper, signed "John A. Baer," con- by Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend." She tained the testamentary disposition of his nestles in the arms of Pokesmith, her huswoman stood before a clerk in Jefferson estate by an old man who died in Bellevue | band, as she says with many modest pauses : Hospital a month ago.

the home of an old slovenly tramp of a that among the ships that are sailing towards marked individuality. He was bristling with peculiarities. One and me-a little baby, John." 348 West Thirty-second street. The man was of them was for the seedy looking old thing.

in a suit made up of a dozen pieces, to amble up to the clerk in the hotel every Saturday night and hand him the exact amount of his week's board bill.

Work he did none. He was frugal to miserliness. Sometimes he would go into a cheap hash-house and disburse a quarter for a feast. This was one of his most luxurious extravagances.

This was one of his most luxurious extravagances.

He was known as Leonard Coe. He cared
little for men, he hated women, he loved
money. This is the gamut of emotions which
the old recluse's soul was familiar with. Relatives he seemed to have none. His eccentricity was great enough to merit for him the
appellation of crank, but, strange to say,
there was nobody who called him insane.

He had one object in life. It was to guard
a small brown paper parcel. In his bare
room it was on the bed or placed carefully
under it, where his keen eye could cover it

room it was on the bed or placed carefully under it, where his keen eye could cover it constantly. In the reading-room and office he frequently sat nursing the mysterious package on his lan.

He used to carry pennies in his pocket and they seemed his only wealth. At times the slovebly old man was in a softer mood than usual and would talk with people. Those who conversed with him were surprised at the intelligence he displayed. He showed a familiarity with the law and with medicine that was astonishing.

Of relatives he never spoke, nor of his past, Simple, frugal to niggardliness, old and reti-cent, Leonard Coe was a mystery whom no

cent, Leonard Coe was a mystery whom no one could fathom.

He used to pick up odds and ends, strange things, which he stored in his room till it looked like an "Old Curiosity Shop." But his one abiding solicitude was for his small parcel, done up in whity-brown paper. He evinced a literary bent, and would devour omniversusty anything he could be hold of

omnivorously anything he could lay hold of to read. had toid her story Detective Sergt. Hanley was sent along with her. They walked down Broadway about 70 clock last night. When opposite the Coleman House Mrs. Freedley suddenly grasped the detective's arm.

"There he is," she whispered excitedly. Hanley walked up to the man. "See here," he said, "I want to a few words with you." One of the strangest things about him was his aversion to women. Many an eloquent burst of invective against the fair sex escaped appeal to feminine admiration or affection.

This old creature died at Bellevue Hospital
last month. Before he breathed his last he
drew up this will on half a sheet of common

drew up this will on half a sheet of common notepaper, and intrusted the precious brown parcel to the care of John A. Haller.

Not long before, when illness had prostrated him, he had consigned the precious package to Haller's charge, and the fidelity with which Haller had guarded and roll two the old man's confidence.

Coe had become acquainted with Haller, who also longed at the New England Role.

who also lodged at the New England Hotel, a few weeks before his death. He used to enjoy talking to him, and they got on well together. Coe told him, when he saw death

a few weeks before his death. He used to enjoy talking to him, and they got on weil together. Coe told him, when he saw death near, that his name was not Coe, but John A. Baer. He said he had two brothers in Lancaster, Pa., who, as he said, neither knew nor cared to know where he was.

When Haller opened the package which had been intrusted to him his eyes started from his head to find in well-worn greenbacks the sum of \$21.500. He had been instructed by Baer to held this for his brothers, Christian and Rouben. He acquitted himself failinfully of his bond as executor, and the brothers were notified of the old man's death and their inheritance. They sad he had once been associated with them in business, but that he left them twenty years ago, taking his share of the capital and disappearing. He had received a good education.

Yesterday the will was admitted to probate without protest, and John Haller was the recipient of a handsome sum from the two brothers.

It is not often that a Boyeyy trage, disa

brothers.
It is not often that a Bowery tramp dies and leaves \$21,500 to his relatives, employing one who is almost a stranger to him for the transmission of his riches to his heirs. The eccentric old man was buried at his bathless are second.

The eccentric on brothers' expense. The License Question in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. L. July 18.—The House of epresentatives passed the Liquor Liceuse bill Representatives passed the Liquor License bill substantially as it appeared in last Tuesday's Workley. Both branches of the Legislatine have adjourned until next Tuesday, when the Senate will take up the bill. There the Republicans will offer radical amendments, such as rabbing the fees for licenses, prohibiting the manufacture of beer and liquors for export, unless the brewers and distillers take out licenses, and giving the Boards of Alicement he power to appoint the license commissioners in the cities, instead of the Mayors, as proposed by the bill. There will be a conference and, probably, a compromise, leaving honors easy between both parties.

Nellie Bly at Johnstown-Read the SUN-DAY WORLD.

\$24,500 IN A PARCEL KITTY DOANE'S SECRET.

NOW RUNNING IN

A Dead Bowery Tramp's Legacy to His The Cause That Drove the Poor Girl to

His Life Devoted to the Care of Her Condition Revealed by an Autopsy Held Last Night.

Conspicuous Honesty of His Execu- Unmourned and Unattended, She Is Laid to Rest at Last.

> The shy, delicate joy of Bella Wilfer, the mendicant's bride, is delightfully portrayed

"You remember the unknown ships which For fifteen years the New England Hotel, a | might be coming over the sea to us—that poor cheap lodging-house on the Bowery, has been papa used to speak of? Well, I think, John, usthere is one on the ocean bringing to you

> Victor Hugo, picturing the loves of the Parisian students in "Les Miscrables," has this apostrophe: "Confiding woman! She gives us her

> eart—and we take her body." Kitty Dcane was not put away in the silent Pathside of Evergreens Cemetery yesterday. 'Stop!" said Deputy Coroner Jenkins. I have waited a whole week for some one

to come forward and claim this poor sister who took her life by carbolic acid, but no one has come. I must go further to ascertain the reason for her rash taking off."

Dr. Jenkins made an autopsy last night. and by it revealed the cause for this imita tion to death.

Kitty Doane had given her heart and Arthur had taken her body, and then, like a coward, had deserted her.

Poor little heart!

Hidden in the busiest thoroughfare of the busiest city of the continent, lost in the crowd, Kitty Doane watched and waited for the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one on the coming of the father of the little one of the little

beautiful cross of pure white flowers at the little undertaking rooms in Twenty-sixth

street. They were to be placed over the pure heart which Kitty Doane had given to "Arthur," and which he spurned.

There were the unfolding roses of innocence and the modestly bowing lilies of the valley, with the pure green leaves of virgin The body was placed in the plain little

coffin, and in a plain little black wagon was taken over to the Evergreen Cemetery and placed beneath a little mound of earth there. placed beneath a little mound of earth there. No one dropped a tear on the grave. Perhaps no one mourns.

"Arthur" may heave a sigh of relief as he reads that Kittle, his valentine, is put away, but there will be a sore soot in his breast for many a year.

She gave him her heart, he took her body

and trampled the heart under his feet. Fourth Instalment of "Blind Love." Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD, with Complete Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING. National League.

Jore Won Load Control of the Control American Association. | West Leaf St. Leaf Atlantic Association.

A Year Ago To-Day. Per AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

THE LEADUE. Indianapolis at New York, thicago at Boston. Pittsburg at Philadelphia. Cleveland at Washington. AMERICAN ASSOCIATION. No games scheduled.

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION. Hartford at Jersey City. New Haven at Newark. Mrs. Sherwood Views the Big Paris Exposition from the Top of the Eiftel Tower-SUNDAY'S WORLD.

A Long-Felt Want Supplied.

CLOCK.

Whitechapel Murderer Said to Be Under Arrest in London,

The City Greatly Excited Over the Report.

crowd. Kitty Doane watched and waited for the coming of the father of the little one on its way over the unknown sea to the haven of life. A week she watched and waited, scaning the "personal" columns of the daily press, their only means of communication. Then she realized that there was no joy for her on board the coming ship—only sorrow and disgrace.

So she wedded death,
This morning a florist's boy, discreet and silent as to whence he came, delivered a beautiful cross of pure white flowers at the little undertaking rooms in Twenty-sixth process. murder of the woman Mackenzie, alias Kelly,

> nights ago. The prisoner is described as an Englishnan, tall, strongly built and fair in complexion. He is said to have confessed to the murder of the woman and to have told that the wounds were inflicted with a pocket knife.

> whose body was found in Castle Alley two

and to be evidently of unsound mind. He declared he had no home, but traveled bout and had just come to London from the outment. The question whether the prisoner is Jack

He is said to have told a rambling story

on which opinions do not agree even among at Monmouth Park vesterday from the poolthose who believe that such an arrest has selling firm of B. Falk & Co., which had a been made. Certainly the work in the last murder was

the fiend has previously exhibited.

THIRTEEN AT THE HANGING, An Early Morning Execution Under Minne-

sota's New State Law, [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] LITTLE FALLS. Minn., July 19. - Just thirteen people saw Albert Bulow meet his death by hanging this morning, in accordance with the that recentions shall take place between 1 orders and 4 orders in the morning.

The law also declares that nowning.

The law also declares that nownings shall print only bure announcements of such exceptions: but this morning papers in Minneapolis and St. Paul air publish detailed tempers of Dulow hanging.

Bulow was hanged for the murder of Frank Eich, which cocurred has November.

HER HEROISM SAVED THEM. A Shipwreeked Crew Keep Affont Through

Liverpool to-day, brought the crew of the ships wrecked Norwegian back Cupid, from Berwick

Head. Scotlands, which safed on April 16 for Nova-Scotla.

When only a few days out the little bark was breasting beary gales. The storm lasted night and day must blue 5, when the Cupal began to leak. The little strew of two we scamen manned the pumps night and day for two we scamen manned the pumps night and day for two we scamen of the little street and hopeless, would have resigned themselves to their late but for the herovain of Mrs. Hage, the captains wife. She took a hand at the pamps, relieving the exhausted men, and by cheering words and example, maintained their collings and kept the ship affort.

On the morning of Jame 25, the Belt came in ship aftest.

On the morning of June 25, the Belt came in sight and rescued the ships resked people. The crew are enthusiastic in their praise of Mrs. Hage.

Mrs. Sherwood Views the Big Paris Exposition from the Top of the Eiffel Tower-SUNDAY'S WORLD. Williams's Indoor Counterpart of Baseball in the Field, scientific, exciting, speculative. All dealers.

Trial Races Are Arranged

ISPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.

London, July 19.-Lord Dunraven to-day

He will positively not let the Valkyrie go

to cut in with the seventy-footers for the

gave his ultimatum, in answer to the challenge of the New York Yacht Club. He will not send the Valkyrie across he says, unless trial races are arranged for the champion vachts and make the regatta an international affair.

Paine Cup. NEWS OF THE AIR-SHIP.

The latest news of Campbell's air-ship was brought in this morning by the captain of the steamship Hogarth. He made a statement to S. W. Houghton,

Superintendent of the Maritime Exchange,

tude 72.50 he sighted a white object in the firmament, floating and tossing about at the mercy of a strong breeze which was blowing at the time. He and his sailors gazed at the lonely ob-

ject through powerful glasses for two hours, before it disappeared. They could not make out exactly what it was, but decided that it was a balloon.

Long things trailed from the object, which was egg-shaped, and fluttered and whipped about in a mechanical sort of way.

There was no sign of a living being about the thing.

After coming into port and reading the They could not make out exactly what it

After coming into port and reading the account of Prof. Hogan and the air-ship, the captain of the Hogarit decided that it was the balloon of the ill-fated ship which he and his men saw, and so reported to Mr. Hough-

Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUN-DAY WORLD HE GAVE ODDS ON ERNEST.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Stony

BOOKMAKER FALK THEN SKIPPED WITH-OUT PAYING THE BETS. Bright and early this morning a crowd of sporting men and boys gathered in and about Mayer's Hotel, at 80 Park Row, hoping to get the Ripper or merely a crazy imitator is one | the money they won by guessing the winners

"Benny" Falk, as he was popularly clumster than in any of the other cases, and dubbed, was the head of the firm, and styles here no traces of the cunning finish which himself a "broker and commission mer-He opened for business in a pleasant humor yesterday morning, but the boys came

pool-room in the rear of the hotel.

by the hundreds. Losses were paid promptly after the first race. Hoping to get square, Benny laid heavy odds on Cayuga, the favorite in the second race. She won, and Benny was worse off than ever. He laid low then, and waited for what he

in and bought Bessie June and Fan Cloche,

thought was a good chance for getting square.
It came in the ofth race, when friest, a good horse and rathera avorite, was intered, Benny bet heavily against her getting the place, but she did, and Benny counted place, but she did, and Benny counted \$4 000, all the money there was in the drawer, and skipped.

He has not been heard from since.
His cashier was left to explain, which he did in a cool way.

A howling mob of men surrounded him after the fifth race, clamoring for their

money.
The cashier came to the point, and sarl:
"You fellers is left. The boss is gone.
He took the chink. Yous can't get nothin'
to-day. Yous know me though?"
"Yes, yes, we know you" shouted the mob. Well, on me sacred word of honor. I as.

sure you that all bets will be paid to

At 19 o'clock this morning, no bets had been paid, although it was rumored that a popular bookmaker had taken "Benny's" book and would make his losses good, rather than have discredit thrown on the business in this city.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story,

Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUN-DAY WORLD. Bill Nye at a Paris Musee-See the SUN-

DAY WORLD.

DUNRAVEN'S FINAL. IN ROBES OF FLAME.

The Valkyrie Will Not Cut in for the A Rochester Girl Sought to End Her Disgraced Life.

She Will Only Cross the Sea if She Set Fire to Her Clothing in a Police Station Cell.

And the Regatta is Made an Interna- Her Beauty Had Led to Temptations She Could Not Resist.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 19. - At an early hour

this morning the police found a young woman named Ada McCormick crazy drunk in the street. She was all alone and they arrested her and

took her to the station.

cell door.

quiet, she was hustled into a cell in all her elegant finery and locked up. Not more than ten minutes later the watchman who looked into her cell saw her hanging by the neck to one of the bars over the

As nothing could be done to keep her

knotted tightly about her neck, and was unconscious when she was cut down. It took some time to resuscitate her, and after that she was again locked up, but

She had used her handkerchief, which was

About half an hour afterwards the police saying that about 11.30 o'clock yestermatron detected the small of smoke in the day morning, in latitude 39,14 and longineighborhood of Miss McCormick's cell. On opening the door it was discovered that the desperate woman had deliberately set fire to herself, having applied a match to her underclothing.

Her lower garments were all in a blaze and

orders were given to watch her closely.

she was writhing in agony on the floor of her cell.
The spectacle was a horrible one.

she may recover, although her condition is very serious.

The young maiden is handsome and attractive, and belongs to a respectable family in this city.

Her beauty gained her many friends and dmirers among the men and she led a gay

life.

Of late she has been getting into bad company, and her mode of life has become such as to pain and shock all her former friends as to pain and shock all her former friends and acquaintances.

Fast associates, late suppers, balls, picnics, and rackets of every description, have led her into all sorts of dissipation.

It is supposed that a drunken feeling of remorse over her disgrace led to her desperate attempts at suicide.

SILK WORKERS ON A STRIKE,

PATERSON EMPLOYEES PROTEST AGAINST

REDUCED WAGES. SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. PATENSON, N. J., July 19.—About 600 employees in several of the siik mills are on strike against a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages. The number is likely to be doubled before the

earn from \$5.50 to \$6 a weex. They expect aid rom the National Assembly of Silk Workers of he Knight of Labor, to which they are attached. he Knight of Labor, to which they are attached. The manufacturers claim that the wages paid in Paterson are higher than those in Pennsylania and other mills, a fact which they say has el to the proposed reduction.

At Hopper & Scott's mill, 170 workers are out; theed & Lovatt's, 150; at Samuel Thorba, 80 and at McKay & Rawson's, 125.

Strikes are also in progress in several smaller and it is likely many more hands will sit work. All are organized, and are confident fresisting the reduction.

Bill Nye at a Paris Musee-See the SUM-DAY WORLD.

DR. M'DOW CAST OUT.

The Acquitted Murderer Discounced by His Professional Associates. PERCIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, CHARLESTON, S. C., July 19.—The official no-tice of Dr. T. B. McDow's expulsion from the

Modical Society of South Carolina is published to-day. to the Medical Society only a month before he murdered Capt. Dawson, having been black-balled ten years ago, on account of his even them

asiady classacter.

After his acquittal, well knowing that his standing in the Society was spoiled, he sentin his resignation; but this was not accepted, and as he failed to appear before the Society to exonestate himself from charges of immoral, unprofessional and ungentlemanly conduct he was expelled. nelled. The notice of expulsion will appear in the medical journals, and Dr. McDow will be ostracized by the profession the country over. He is likely to be also expelled from the Lafaysette Artillery, of which he is surgeon.

Fishermen Aboy! Read American Angler and House and Line. All the local fishing news. Enlarged form, MV pages, All newsdealers. Goents.